Numb. 36

The TATLER.

By Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, *Half Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Thurſday June* 30. to *Saturday July* 2. 1709.

From our own Apartment, June 30.

MANY Affairs calling my Brother into the Country, the Care of our Intelligence with the Town is left to me for ſome Time; therefore you muſt expect the Advices you meet with in this Paper to be ſuch, as more immediately and naturally fall under the Conſideration of our Sex: The Hiſtory therefore written by a Woman, you will eaſily imagine to conſiſt of Love in all its Forms, both in the Abuſe of, and Obedience to that Paſſion. As to the Faculty of writing it ſelf, it will not, it is hop'd, be demanded that Stile and Ornament ſhall be ſo much conſulted, as Truth and Simplicity; which latter Qualities we may more juſtly pretend to beyond the other Sex. While therefore the Adminiſtration of our Affairs is in my Hands, you ſhall from Time to Time have an exact Account of all falſe Lovers, and their ſhallow Pretences for breaking off; of all Termagant Wives who make Wedlock a Yoke; of Men who affect the Entertainments and Manners ſuitable only to our Sex, and Women who pretend to the Conduct of ſuch Affairs as are only within the Province of Men. It is neceſſary further to advertiſe the Reader, that the uſual Places of Reſort being utterly out of my Province or Obſervation, I ſhall be oblig'd frequently to change the Dates of Places, as Occurrences come into my Way.

Epſom, June 28.

'IT is now almoſt Three Weeks ſince what you writ about happen'd in this Place: The Quarrel between my Friends did not run ſo high as I find your Accounts have made it. The Truth of the Fact you ſhall have very faithfully. You are to underſtand, that the Perſons concern'd in this Scene were, Lady *Autumn*, and Lady *Springly*: *Autumn* is a Perſon of good-breeding Formality, and ſingular Way practis'd in the laſt Age; and Lady *Springly*, a modern Impertinent of our Sex, who affects as improper a Familiarity, as the other does Diſtance. Lady *Autumn* knows to an Hair's Breadth where her Place is in all Aſſemblies and Converſations; but *Springly* neither gives or takes Place of any Body, but underſtands the Place to ſignify no more, than to have Room enough to be at Eaſe wherever ſhe comes. Thus while *Autumn* takes the Whole of this Life to conſiſt in underſtanding Punctilio and Decorum, *Springly* takes every Thing to be becoming which contributes to her Eaſe and Satisfaction. Theſe Heroines have married two Brothers, both Knights. *Springly* is the Spouſe of the elder, who is a Baronet; and *Autumn*, being a rich Widow, has taken the younger, and her Purſe endow'd him with Fortune and Knighthood of the ſame Order. This Jumble of Diſtinction, you need not doubt, has been an aching Torment to *Autumn*, who took Place of the other on no Pretence, but her Careleſneſs and Diſregard of Diſtinction. This ſecret Occaſion of Envy broil'd long in the Breaſt of *Autumn*; but no Opportunity of Contention on that Subject happening, kept all Things quiet till the Accident, of which you demand an Account.

"It was giv'n out among all the gay People of this Place, That on the *Tueſday* following, ſeveral Damſels, ſwift of Foot, were to run for a Sute of Head-Clothes at the *Old Wells*. The Lady *Autumn* on this Occaſion invited *Springly* to go with her in her Coach to ſee the Race. When they came to the Place where the *Governor of Epſom* and all his Court of Citizens were aſſembled, as well as a Crowd of People of all Orders, a brisk young Fellow addreſſes himſelf to the younger of the Ladies, *viz. Springly*, and offers her his Services to conduct her into the Muſick-Room. *Springly* accepts the Compliment, and is led triumphantly through a bowing Crowd, while *Autumn* is left among the Rabble, and has much ado to get back into her Coach; but ſhe did it at laſt: And as it is uſual to ſee by the Horſes my Lady's preſent Diſpoſition, ſhe orders *John* to whip furiouſly Home to her Husband; where, when ſhe enters, down ſhe ſits, began to unpin her Hood, and lament her fooliſh fond Heart to marry into a Family where ſhe was ſo little regarded, ſhe that might --- Here ſhe ſtops; then riſes up, then ſtamps and ſits down again. Her gentle Knight made his Approaches with a ſupple beſeeching Geſture. My Dear, ſaid he--- Tell me no Dears, reply'd *Autumn*,--In the Preſence of the Governor and all the Merchants, --- What will the World ſay of a Woman that has thrown her ſelf away at this Rate? Sir *Thomas* withdrew, and knew it would not be long a Secret to him; as well as that Experience told him, He that marries a Fortune, is of courſe guilty of all Faults againſt his Wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But *Springly*, an Hour or two after, returns from the *Wells*, and finds the whole Company together. Down ſhe ſat, and a profound Silence enſued. You know a premeditated Quarrel uſually begins and works up with the Words, *Some People*. The Silence was broken by Lady *Autumn*, who began to ſay, There are Some People who fancy, that if Some People--- *Springly* immediately takes her up; There are Some People who fancy, if Other People--- *Autumn* repartees; People may give themſelves Airs; but Other People, perhaps, who make leſs ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as People who ſet themſelves out more. All the other People at the Table ſat mute, while theſe Two People, who were quarrelling, went on with the Uſe of the Word People, inſtancing the very Accidents between 'em, as if they kept only in diſtant Hints. Therefore, ſays *Autumn*, redning, There are Some People will go abroad in Other People's Coaches, and leave thoſe, with whom they went, to ſhift for themſelves; and if, perhaps, thoſe People have married the younger Brother; yet, perhaps, he may be beholden to thoſe People for what he is. *Springly* ſmartly anſwers, People may bring ſo much ill Humour into a Family, as People may repent their receiving their Money; and goes on,--Every Body is not conſiderable enough to give her Uneaſineſs. Upon this, *Autumn* comes up to her, and deſir'd her to kiſs her,

' her, and never to see her again; which her Sister re-
' fusing, my Lady gave her a Box on the Ear ---
' *Springly* returns; Ay ay, said she, I knew well
' enough you meant me by your Some People, and
' gives her another at t'other Side. To it they went
' with most Masculine Fury: Each Husband inter-
' posed. The Wives immediately fell upon their
' Husbands, and tore Periwigs and Cravats. The
' Company interposed; when (according to the
' Slip-Knot of Matrimony, which makes 'em return
' to one another when any put in between) the La-
' dies and their Husbands fell upon all the rest of
' the Company; and having beat all their Friends
' and Relations out of the House, came to themselves
' time enough to know, there was no bearing the
' Jest of the Place after these Adventures, and
' march'd off the next Day. It is said, the Gover-
' nor has sent several Joints of Mutton, and has pro-
' posed several Dishes very exquisitely dress'd, to
' bring 'em down again. From his Address and
' Knowledge in Roast and Boil'd, all our Hopes of
' the Return of this good Company depend. I am

Dear Jenny,

Your Ready Friend

and Servant,

Martha Tatler.

White's Chocolate-house, June 30.

This Day appear'd at this Place a Figure of a Per-son, whose Services to the Fair Sex have reduc'd him to a Kind of Existence, for which there is no Name. If there be a Condition between Life and Death, without being absolutely dead or living, his State is that. His Aspect and Complexion in his robust Days gave him the illustrious Title of *Africanus*: But it is not only from the warm Climates in which he has serv'd, nor from the Disasters which he has suffer'd, that he deserves the same Appellation with that renowned *Roman*; but the Magnanimity with which he appears in his last Moments, is what gives him the undoubted Character of Hero. *Cato* stab'd himself, and *Hanibal* drank Poison; but our *Africanus* lives in the continual Puncture of aching Bones and poison'd Juices. The Old Heroes fled from Tor-ments by Death, and this Modern lives in Death and Torments, with an Heart wholly bent upon a Sup-ply for remaining in 'em. An ordinary Spirit would sink under his Oppressions; but he makes an Advan-tage of his very Sorrow, and raises an Income from his Diseases. Long has this Worthy been conver-sant in Bartering, and knows, that when Stocks are lowest, it is the Time to buy. Therefore, with much Prudence and Tranquility, he thinks, that now he has not a Bone sound, and has a Thousand no-dous Parts for which the Anatomists have not Words, and more Diseases than the College ever heard of, it is the only Time to purchase an Annuity for Life. Sir *Thomas* told me, it was an Entertain-ment more surprising and pleasant than can be ima-gin'd, to see an Inhabitant of neither World, with-out Hand to lift, or Leg to move, scarce Tongue to utter his Meaning, so keen upon biting the whole World, and making Bubbles at his Exit. Sir *Thomas* added, that he would have bought Twelve Shillings a Year of him, but that he fear'd there was some Trick in it, and believ'd him al-ready dead: What! Says that Knight, Is Mr. *Par-tridge*, whom I met just now going on both his Legs firmer than I can, allow'd to be quite dead; and shall *Africanus*, without one Limb that can do its Office, be pronounc'd alive? What added to the Tragi-Comedy of this Market for Annuities was, that the Observation of it provok'd *Monoculus* (who is the most elegant of all Men) to many ex-cellent Reflections, which he spoke with the Ve-hemence and Language both of a Gamester and an Orator. When I cast, said that delightful Speaker, my Eye upon thee, thou unaccountable *Africanus*, I cannot but call my self as unaccountable as thou art; for certainly we were born to show what Contradictions Nature is pleas'd to form in the same Species. Here am I able to eat, to drink, to sleep, and do all Acts of Nature, except begetting my like; and yet by an unintelligible Force of Spleen and Fancy, I every Moment imagine I am dying. It is utter Madness in thee to provide for Supper; for I'll bet you Ten to One, you don't live till half an Hour after Four; and yet I am so distracted as to be in Fear every Moment; tho' I'll lay Ten to Three, I drink Three Pints of burnt Claret at your Funeral Three Nights hence. After all, I envy thee; thou that hast no Sense of Death, art happier than one that always fears it. The Knight had gone on, but that a Third Man ended the Scene by applauding the Knight's Eloquence and Philosophy, in a Laughter too violent for his own Constitution, as much as he mock'd that of *Africanus* and *Monoculus*.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 1.

This Day arriv'd Three Mails from *Holland*, with Advices relating to the Posture of Affairs in the *Low-Countries*, which say, That the Confederate Army extends from *Luchin*, on the Causeway be-tween *Tournay* and *Lisle*, to *Epain* near *Mortagne* on the *Scheld*. The Marshal *Villars* remains in his Camp at *Lens*; but it is said, he detach'd Ten thousand Men under the Command of the Che-valier *de Luxemberg*, with Orders to form a Camp at *Crepin* on the *Haine*, between *Conde* and St. *Guil-lain*, where he is to be join'd by the Elector of *Bavaria* with a Body of Troops, and after their Conjunction, to attempt to march into *Brabant*. But they write from *Brussels*, That the Duke of *Marlborough* having it equally in his Power to make Detachments to the same Parts, they are un-der no Apprehensions for the Safety of their Coun-try from these Reports. They further add from *Brussels*, that they have good Authority for be-lieving, That the *French* Troops under the Conduct of Marshal *de Berons* are retiring out of *Spain*.

This Paper, with a blank Leaf to write Business on, may be had of J. Morphew *near* Stationers-Hall.

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